

*Gertrude Butner*

# VOX COLLEGII



APRIL-MAY, 1915



ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE  
WHITBY





# Vox Collegii

Published Monthly Throughout the Collegiate Year by the Editorial Staff.

*"Forsan et haec elini meminisse juvabit."*

VOL. XXXI

WHITBY, APRIL-MAY, 1915

No. 6

## EDITORIAL STAFF.

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ART .....	W. Holmes	FIRESIDE NOTES { .....	K. Breithaupt
Y. W. C. A. ....	M. Valentine		E. Horning
MAY COURT CLUB.....	K. McCormick		

## O. L. C. Banquet.

When a new student enters O. L. C. in September, it does not take long for her to hear about the "Conversat," and she eagerly listens to the tales of this long-looked-forward-to event. This year, however, when the spirit of economy has been felt throughout the British Empire, the girls thought that it was only right for them to sacrifice this pleasure. But as it turned out, it was not a sacrifice—quite the reverse, in fact—so far as enjoyment and education were concerned. The girls agreed that the banquet was a great improvement.

On Friday, March 19th, the day of the event, a number of "Trafalgar Daughters" and the members of the College Board arrived, and these guests, together with the students, made a brilliant gathering. When the visitors had made their way to the prettily decorated dining room, the girls followed. Those who were "gentlemen" (distinguished by a diminutive black bow adorning the left shoulder) gallantly took their partners into dinner, where, however, they soon lost their masculine dignity by indulging in distinctly feminine raptures over the menu cards. Now, although the

menu is a most interesting and important factor at a banquet, a really, truly banquet is not complete without after-dinner speeches—not the kind that take an age in getting started, more ages in ending, and a regular century in between, but the kind of speeches and toasts at which one's ears immediately "prick" and remain in a stage of alertness until the very end.

There was another unusual characteristic about these toasts, also—they were all made by ladies, (perhaps that accounts for their being so good!)—moreover the subjects dealt with woman—woman in many of her spheres. Mrs. G. A. Ross made a toast mistress quite beyond criticism, in fact the very way in which she proposed a toast was a promise of its worth.

The toast list was as follows:

- "Woman in Literature"—Miss Addison, B. A.
- "Woman in Scientific Research"—Miss Wall, M. Sc.
- "Woman in Music"—Mrs. G. D. Atkinson.
- "Woman in Art"—Mrs. Riches.
- "Woman in Oratory"—Mrs. Hales.



"Woman in Politics"—Miss Taylor, B. A.

"Woman in Social Service"—Mrs. Wilkins.

"Woman in the Home"—Mrs. Starr.

One can imagine what extremely inter-

esting subjects these were, and by the time each toast had been proposed and drunk, every woman there realized how fine a thing it was to be a woman, and every man acknowledged that woman's proper sphere was not a narrow one, but practically without limit.

## The Senior Concert.

The Seniors of '15 gave their first concert on Friday, March 26th. Before the program their class song, "We want to stay at O.L.C.," was sung, and then the Juniors replied with "We are Juniors all." The Juniors looked very demure and fetching with their powdered hair and black velvet neck-bands. After the songs the programme began with the "Japanese Love Song," The solo parts were taken by Miss M. Sharpe and Miss A. Eby, assisted by a chorus: Misses Homuth, Follick, Holmes, Hart, Hilliard, Symington, Norman, all arrayed, of course, in gorgeous kimonas. Miss Armitage played "March Grotesque," which everyone enjoyed very much.

"After the Quarrel" was read by Miss E. Grant, and no amount of applause could persuade her to give an encore, thought it was so short. Miss A. Meath played "Ballade," and Miss Homuth made us feel weepy for poor "Mimosa San." Miss C. McCormick made a most dainty little girl, so sweet and cute, and she recited Riley's "Bear Story." Miss G. Smith was unable to take part, unfortunately, and so we were denied a final pleasure, and had to listen to "God Save the King" instead. The girls' excellent attention was rewarded by ice cream, for which they had to pay the munificent sum of five cents, and "please bring your own dishes."

## Old Love Song.

The love-song of the world is here,  
Of singing birds and sun of gold,  
And our Father himself is stooping near  
Over His white sheepfold.  
And the birds sing His love-song soft and low,  
As they were meant to do.

The love-song He left us so long ago;  
He has left us this summerday, too.  
Let us sing with the child out beyond the lawn  
The song we heard years ago,  
That always the golden sun comes with dawn:  
The Master has told us so.

## My Experience of a German Raid.

I live in Hartlepool, and I am eleven years old. We go to a big Council school there. By "we" I mean my brother "Teddy" and myself. Teddy is a nice boy, but he has got awful big freckles—large brown ones.

Well, last Monday morning we started to school quite early. It was misty and very cold; it was like moving in a cloud of fine rain. We always meet

the Nairn children at the corner, and go the rest of the way with them. Their father keeps a candy store. Teddy and me had a fight about whether grammar was as good for you as collecting bird's eggs; and we were pretty mad, I tell you.

I had a creepy feeling all morning. It had been thundering, and you can't imagine what a dismal howl it sounded



coming through the mist and rain. One of the big Nairn boys told us "we'd beter hurry, or the Germans would get us." He thought he was telling a joke. We walked along, and I walked as far away from Teddy as I could, and asked him why his face was so dirty. Of course I meant his freckles. We were pretty mad, I tell you.

All at once there was a terrible crash. We looked around and saw the top of a building crumble down—down into a heap of stones. Another terrible crash, and we children huddled together, our faces as white and cold as the mists. And still another boom. I found myself lying in the road and something hurt my side horribly. But I saw Ted-

dy on the sidewalk, his little body drawn up fiercely, his blue eyes gleaming—and crying, "We'll show you, you Germans," as loud as he could.

I tried to crawl to him, but something came between us, and when I looked again I saw him lying a little mangled heap beside me. His eyes were turned up to the sky with that same defiant look in their blue.

They carried him and me away in big black wagons. Dear little Teddy! I can see him yet, standing apart from the maze of screaming children—standing alone—and with all the strength in his boyish little self shouting "We'll show you, you Germans."

But they "showed him," didn't they?

## 'Member.

'Member the chair in Mother's room,  
The chair with the chronic squeak,  
Where years ago my mother sat,  
And rocked me off to sleep.

Rocked me into the long, long night,  
Secure from the shadows and fairy's  
charm,

Till I dipped into the harbor of sleep  
In the hollow of her arm.

And when it rained and the drops  
Fell steadily through the hours,  
And dripped from the roof to eaves  
In the way of summer showers.

I woke and nestled down so warm  
And found I was safe from harm—  
For who could hurt a little girl  
In the curve of mother's arm?

—Margery Moore.



## Love and Hate, England to Germany.

You poison the springs that should ever flow  
To aid the bright flowers of peace to grow;  
You teach little children in school to pray  
That curses may blight, and that wrath may slay;  
You plant in the soil of their young hearts seeds  
Of baneful, destructive and deadly weeds;  
You rob them of vision of higher view;  
You wither their power to be pure and true;  
You turn them away from love's garden gate,  
And chill their warm blood with your hiss of hate,  
But back o'er your land all your curse clouds roll  
To darken and shrivel your nation's soul.

You savagely boasted your brutal might,  
And scornfully sneered when men spoke of right;  
Refused to be true to the pledge you signed,  
And jeered at the nations a bond could bind;  
Defying humanity's moral laws,  
You murdered the helpless without a cause;  
You secretly tried an infamous plan  
To sow deadly strife between man and man;  
Your foul plots miscarried, perfidy failed;  
The nations awoke and the right prevailed.  
Now, facing in terror, avenging fate,  
You shriek in your fury the curse of hate.

We heed not your curses. We know God hears  
The cry of the nation whose bitter tears  
Flow out from the heart that in anguish bleeds  
Because of your merciless, ruthless deeds.  
Brave Belgium's blessing of prayer and praise  
The curse of your venomous hate outweighs.  
We sprang to her aid with our souls aflame  
To save from dishonor old England's name.  
Peace lovers are we, but true Britons fight  
When freedom is threatened by despot might.  
We hate not your nation. We fight that we  
May aid in the struggle to make men free.

For all that you did in your brilliant past  
We thank you, but mourn that, misled at last,  
You sullied the fame of your noble state,  
And shadowed your soul with the curse of hate.  
Base, selfish ambition has made you blind,  
Has narrowed your vision and warped your mind.  
We hope you will learn, when the strife is o'er,  
That all war is evil, and fight no more;  
That hate is a monster, whose fatal breath  
Bears ever a message of gloom and death;  
That love is the highest power man can know  
To start the divine in his life to grow.

—James L. Hughes.



# Vox Collegii

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—To resident students, 35 cents; to Trafalgar Daughters, 50c to all others, 75c.

VOX COLLEGIUM will be mailed to any address on receipt of price.

Advertising rates on application.

All communications should be addressed to—  
VOX COLLEGIUM, Whitby, Ont.

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## Editorial.

As April was half over when we returned from our holidays, we decided to combine the April and May numbers. The result of this combination is still rather slim, but we hope our readers will be consoled by anticipations of our graduation number.

\* \* \* \*

The forcing of the Dardanelles is one of the mightiest undertakings in which we are engaged, and it promises to be-

come more and more important as time passes. Turkey has always possessed something of the romantic and adventurous, and this element is very strongly present in the attempt of the allied forces to overpower the almost impregnable fortress, defended by the Turks and Germans. This attack is led by the "Queen Elizabeth," the youngest and greatest of British warships—and this fact alone adds to the air of freshness and novelty which this enterprise has brought into the war. Up to this time Britain has stood as the upholder of Turkey against her powerful neighbor, Russia, but now we see a complete reversal of this time-honored policy. The British people, however, are not averse to this change. They realize that the possession of Constantinople by Russia would be far less dangerous than the continuance of the growth of German influence in Turkey, and her gradual advance towards India by the building of the Berlin-Byzantium-Bagdad railway.

It is evident that radical changes in the East must follow the fall of Constantinople, and just as its capture by the Turks in the fifteenth century marked the dawn of a new era, so its impending capture now by the allies seems to be a prophecy of the new world which will result from the war.

## Music

Every other Wednesday evening has been made very interesting by an open meeting of the Music Club held in the concert hall. Mr. Atkinson has given some very enjoyable talks on subjects

to do with music, in which we are all interested. The remaining Wednesday evenings are spent by the members of the Club in the music room at informal meetings. The pupils have a chance to



practice their particular part of the program for the big meetings at these smaller ones. We always have a good time, and look forward to them all through the week.

Mr. Atkinson tells us the latest war news, and everyone becomes so interested that it is fourth warning before we ever think of adjourning.

The "exam." girls are working very hard, and we all wish them the very best of good luck. They have a pretty high standard to live up to if they wish to keep it as high as it was made in February. We all feel that they will, though, unless they work too hard and get nervous.

Miss Gott held a recital on Monday night, May 3rd. Probably the part most enjoyed and appreciated was a duet by the Misses Elsie Scrimes and Gussie Hatch, entitled "Get Under the Bed."

#### PROGRAMS OF THE MONTH.

Wednesday, March 17th. This proved to be one of our most interesting informal meetings. Each girl gave her idea of the piece she played—that is, she told what she thought the piece was intended to portray. At the end Mr. Atkinson improvised a beautiful little number, and it was most interesting to listen to the different interpretations by the girls.

Saeur—Murmure Du Vent.

A. Eby.

Strauss—In Silent Forests.

A. Meath.

Sinding—March Grotesque.

M. Armitage.

Staub—Sans Bois.

O. Mullett.

Moszkowski—Spanish Caprice.

M. Sharpe.

Extemporization (descriptive).

Mr. G. D. Atkinson.

Wednesday, March 24th. Mr. Atkinson gave his first talk on "How to listen to music." Almost the same program as the week before was given. Each girl read her interpretation, then played the composition and the audience could criticize and form its own opinion as to

whether that was the best interpretation or not for the piece.

Introduction on Program Music.

Mr. G. D. Atkinson.

Charles Dennee—In the Canon.

M. Sharpe.

Grieg—Wedding Day.

G. Hull.

Staub—Sans Bois.

O. Mullett.

Strauss—In Silent Forests.

A. Meath.

Sinding—March Grotesque.

M. Armitage.

Chopin—Ballade in A flat.

G. Smith.

Wednesday, April 28th. The meeting was held in the music room. Most of the numbers had never been played at the Club before, and they were all enjoyed immensely. Mr. Atkinson told us the latest war news, and fourth warning sounded before we were half ready to stop listening.

(a) Bach—2 part invention No. 1.

(b) Heller—Op.45, No. 3.

(c) Duclelle—Feather Dance.

M. Trenouth.

Schubert—Impromptu in A flat.

D. Whittaker.

Chopin—Valse C sharp Major.

G. Hull.

Moszkowski—Le Reveil D'Amour.

A. Meath.

Friml—Veil Dance.

O. Mullett.

Mendelssohn—G Minor Concerto.

M. Sharpe.

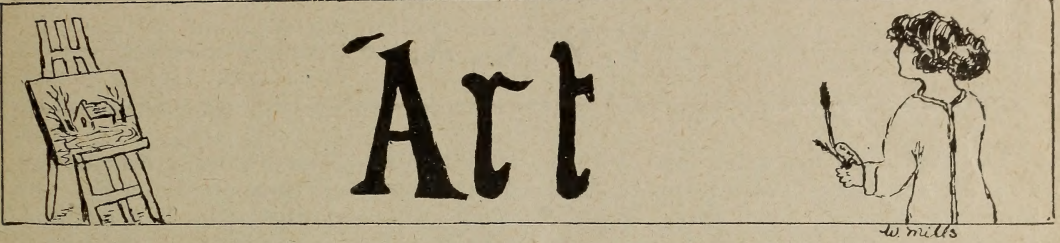
Orchestral accompaniment.

A. Meath.

Mr. Blight held the first of a series of recitals in Forester's Hall, Toronto, on Saturday night, April 24th. Among those who took part were the Misses Alice Gott, Eleanore Wright and Evelyn Graham—former O.L.C. students. We are glad to hear that they all sang so well.

The second recital was on May 1st. Saturday night, in Forester's Hall. The Misses A. Tuttle, E. Wakefield M. Garlock and M. Homuth sang, and all reports say they did beautifully.





Spring is here. The birds sing it from morning till sundown. The buds are shedding their brown coat, and showing themselves in their soft green and red dresses to welcome the season. Small wood flowers, violets, May-flowers, anemones, breathe their perfume into the air. An occasional spring shower keeps all fresh and new. Their natural beauties must appeal to the Art girls as, paint and palette in hand, they wend their way to some pretty spot to catch the first green tint of the grass or the leaves. It is so delightful to be out again without unnecessary bundling up against Jack Frost. Some of the days last week were even warmer than were wished for,

but the same wind, which sent the art paper and brushes flying in every direction, brought on a cooling thunder shower. Now all work hard to be a little ahead in case there should be another downpour, leaving the grass too wet to be trod by any feet but those of insects.

But the busy bees are indoors as well as out. In the Art room the china painters are working with feverish haste always in preparation for "next firing." No matter how hard they labor, there is always more to do, so they should show quite a creditable amount of work when exhibition time comes. If they continue as they have begun, they will certainly accomplish much in the seven happy weeks left to all.

## Oratory

### SENIOR ORATORY.

Edna Grant gave several readings at Thornbury in the Easter holidays.

Kizzie McCormick read at Pickering as well as at several concerts in London.

Concerning the attitude which so many people have toward humor, Dr. Holmes makes the genial autocrat say in one of the breakfast table talks: "The ludicrous has its place in the universe; it is not a human invention, but one of the Divine ideas, illustrated in the practical jokes of kittens and monkeys long before Aristophanes or Shakespeare. How curious it is that we always consider solemnity so essential to the idea of the future life of those whom we thus deprive of half their faculties, and then

call *blessed*. There are not a few who, even in this life, seem to be preparing themselves for that smileless eternity to to which they look forward by banishing all gaiety from their hearts and all joyousness from their countenances. I meet one such in the streets frequently, and he gives me (and all he passes) such a rayless and chilly look of recognition that I have sometimes begun to sneeze on the spot, and gone home with a violent cold, dating from that instant. I don't doubt he would cut his kitten's tail off if he caught her playing with it. Please tell me, who taught her to play with it?"

Men who see clearly, who have a correct perception of values in the normal life, are ready to encourage laughter, or to seek to excite it on occasion.



## Y. W. C. A.

The first meeting after our return from Easter vacation was taken by Miss Taylor on Sunday, April 18th. We are always very much pleased to have our lady principal speak to us, for she always gives us something which we can think about for the coming week. She spoke about the spiritual effect the war has had upon us, and asked the question, "Are we as great spiritually now as we were last August and September?" We have become thoughtless, and have, perhaps, forgotten what dreadful things are happening across the Atlantic, while we are safe and happy in O.L.C. The war should make us better, should make us more unselfish and more thoughtful of others. We cannot go to the front and fight, but we can make life happier for the loved ones waiting and watching at home. We can pray; we can be with our friends in thought, and ask God's rich blessing to rest upon the men in their hour of trial. Miss Taylor made us think, perhaps as we have never thought before how really much we could do right here at O.L.C. Her talk will long be remembered by those who heard her.

The following Thursday was the election of officers for the coming year. The new President and Secretary were elected; the other officers are not chosen till our return in September. Mary Valentine, our secretary for this year, was elected president, and Myrtle Fawcett, secretary. The president was one of our representatives to the Elgin House Convention last year, and has been interested in the work this year, and Myrtle Fawcett was president when here a year or two ago.

The representatives for the Elgin House Convention will be elected in a short time.

On Sunday, April 25th, Mary Valentine had charge of the meeting. The

subject was "Conquering Discouragement," and was based on Psalm 27.

The whole of this psalm is a meditation on God's faithfulness in protecting and delivering and sustaining His children. The Psalmist was in trouble and in danger and was tempted to give way to discouragement. He thought of the help he had received from God in the past, and assured himself that God would not fail him now.

The thought of the psalm is condensed in the last two verses, "I had fainted unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living."

"Wait on the Lord, be of good courage and He shall strengthen thine heart; wait, I say, on the Lord." The trouble with us is that we are so impatient. When we get into trouble, or when we feel the need of something we cannot get, we call on God for help, and, if we do not, feel as if there were no use to pray. We have great need to learn patience, for patience is one of the most necessary virtues of a developed Christian character.

God tests the faith of His children by giving them a chance to trust Him under adverse circumstances. We would not have a chance to learn faith in God if we could understand all His dealings with us and see how He is working for our good, even when we feel, as old Jacob did, "All these things are against me." Jacob was soon to learn that God can work in very wonderful ways for the benefit of His children.

David had a happier way of looking at things, because he always kept before his mind the thought of God's presence and of God's control of all circumstances. He knew enough of God's way to know that he must wait patiently; for God chooses His own time for action, and His own way of helping His servants.



When we learn to say with David, "One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after that I dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life to behold the beauty of the Lord," then we also will be able to say in confidence, "In the time of trouble he shall hide me in His pavilion, in the secret of His tabernacle shall He hide me. He shall set me upon a rock."

"No man ever worked his way spiritually in a dead calm," has been well said. We all need some retarding winds to help us forward, some testing times to put force and fibre into our souls. Take it, for instance, in the matter of temptation; do we ever think of our temptations and blessings? Yet they are, at least they may become blessings. It is an inspired apostle who writes, "Count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations," but do we count it so?

Valueless is the character that knows no testing, and insipid is the happiness that has in it nothing of the joy of overcoming. The question in life is not so much how to escape our difficulties, as how to pass through them and come out better and stronger. Rightly meeting and victoriously resisting ever puts new fibre into our soul. The Indians have a saying that when a warrior slays a foe the spirit of the vanquished enemy enters the victor's heart and adds new strength for every coming contest. This becomes a literal fact in the spiritual warfare. Every time we overcome a temptation we are made stronger to overcome the next one and the next, and so on. Every time we meet a new discouragement and are brave and overcome it, we are so much stronger for the next. "My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations; knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience." We may supply the word discouragement in place of the word temptation. "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him." Thus we see the

discipline there is in hindrance, the strength there is in things that take our strength. The same principle holds good in regard to all the responsibilities we must bear. We learn to walk by walking; we learn to write by writing; we learn to work by working; we learn to bear our discouragements and overcome them by bearing them, and each time they will seem lighter. No devout Christian worker ever began any service for God feeling strong and self-reliant, and self-sufficient. He always faces the effort in conscious weakness and fear and much trembling. It is as he goes on to his duty that God's grace and cheer come to him and he becomes strong and and capable and successful as a worker.

Trials and discouragements work their good results in the same way. Many of the sweetest joys of Christian hearts are the songs which they have learned in the bitterness of trial. A story is told of a bird that would never learn to sing the song his master would have him sing, while his cage was full of light. There was so much to take his attention. He would listen to the many voices. He would learn a snatch of one song, a trail of another, but never a separate and entire melody of his own. But the master, at last, covered the cage he was in and made it all dark about him and then he listened and listened to the one song he was to sing and tried and tried again until his heart was full of it. Then when he had caught the melody, his cage was uncovered and he went on singing it sweetly ever after in the light. It is often with our hearts as with the little bird, we come out more beautiful characters after the discouragements. Like the photographer with his picture, God brings out, in many a life, its loveliest beauties while the curtain is drawn and the light of day is ushered out. The darkness does not tell of displeasure; it is only the shadow of the wing of divine love folded down over us for a little, while the Master adds some new touch of loveliness to the picture he is bringing out in our soul. Is this not encouragement?



"Nearer, my God to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee,  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me,"

is a solemn prayer, and yet one we should be ready to offer.

The whole thought may be emphasized in a brief parable. It is about the wingless birds. There is a myth about birds that when they were first created they had no wings. The story is told that God made the wings, put them down before the birds and said, "Now, come, take up these burdens and bear them." The birds had beautiful plumage and voices. They could sing but they could not soar. But at the Master's word they took up the wings with their beaks and laid them upon their shoulders to carry them. At first they seemed to be a heavy load and rather difficult to carry, but they cheerfully and patiently bore them and folded them close over their hearts. Lo! the wings grew fast, and that which they once bore now bore them. The burden became pinions and the weights wings. We are wingless birds. Our duties are pinions; when, at first, we assume them they are heavy, but as we do the duties the burdens change to pinions, the weights become wings and lift us heavenward. Let us then, with the apostle, "glory in the tribulation, also knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed, for the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts." Remember this, our discouragements are conquered, and we thank God for all His dealings; for He makes each hindrance a help, and every retarding weight a wing to lift us toward Himself.

Failures are the hammer strokes of destiny, forging raw existence into living character.

"For life is not as idle ore,  
But iron, dug from central gloom  
And heated hot in burning fears  
And dipped in baths of hissing tears  
And battered with the strokes of  
doom

For shape and use."  
What matters it whether one makes

the goal so long as he makes himself. It is better to be than to have. The leaders of the world have shown that true greatness consists not so much in getting as becoming. Growth rather than goal is life's true destination. He has a low conception of life whose ambition is satisfied with some place he can fill. Growth of thought, soul, stature, character development are the great things. We need discouragements to make us great, just as the ore in the mountain needs the flame and forge and hammer stroke. Struggle is essential to strength. If nature would grow a pumpkin, she lets the thing lie close down in the lap of the earth and covers it over with broad leaves and surrounds it with vegetation. Thus sheltered from the wind and sun, there is nothing for the lump of pulp to do but vegetate. When nature wants to grow an oak tree she makes the sapling stand forth in the open, bare its life to all the storms of heaven and bend its strength against every wind that blows. Thus the oak acquires fibre and grows into the forest's pride. There are pumpkin-made men and women with the strength of the oak in their character. Discipline and discouragement are far more necessary than success in the making of character.

"I like the man who faces what he must  
With step triumphant, and a heart of  
cheer,  
Who fights the daily battle without fear,  
Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unflinching trust  
That God is God, that somehow true or  
just  
His plans work out for mortals, not a  
tear  
Is shed when fortune, which the world  
holds dear,  
Fall from his grasp; better with love a  
crust  
Than living in dishonor; envies not  
Nor loses faith in man; he does his best  
Nor ever murmurs at his humble lot,  
But with a smile and words of hope,  
gives zest,  
To every toiler; he, alone, is great  
Who by a life heroic conquers fate."



## Household Science

Dietetics, I think, is every Senior Domestic Science girl's middle name these days. Some of them become almost distracted trying to make figures add up properly. If it is hard for the girls what must it be for Miss Porte, who goes to bed with figures swimming about her, and whose room is inhabited by girls asking "How many pies for each person, Miss Porte," "Does it matter if I have five sixteenths instead of six, etc.?"

However, it will soon be over now, and the girls will be only happier to think that they have succeeded. The meals are being served in the Domestic rooms now, and they have surely been a wonderful success.

Needless to say these seniors will make capital housewives by the excellent manner in which they have entered into their work.

### JUNIOR DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

The Juniors are now enjoying the pleasure of their second demonstration, a pleasure slightly tinged with pain in some cases. Their cookies and scones, etc., have really turned out very well; however, I do not think they will be sorry when their last demonstration is over.

Miss Porte, you know I'd rather cook  
Than read a brand new story book,  
And I would rather bake a pie  
Than wear my new cerise silk tie.  
And I would rather clean the sink  
Than go a-skating on the rink.  
Once I caught a mouse in the vegetable  
cellar  
For Miss O'Brien. Don't you tell 'er.  
I just love cooking, guess I do;  
I'll be awful sorry when I'm through.

### JUNIOR SEWING.

The junior hand-work class have started basketry, and are very diligently weaving mats, some of the results not being particularly pleasing to our teacher, Miss Pascoe.

The seniors have finished teaching junior sewing, and now the juniors are having the inestimable pleasure of finishing their patches.

"The thing I love the best to do  
Is sewing patches; now, don't you?  
It's such a thrillin' sort of work  
And one which I would never shirk.

"I'd rather be inside to-day  
Than go out in the sun and stay.  
Miss Pascoe, I would rather sew  
Than do anything, don't you know."

## Athletics

The long, dreary waiting season has passed at last, and spring is surely here to stay; the showers have brought forth the grand clean springy smell. All nature is teeming with new young life; truly it is a time that makes the old feel young, and the young still younger.

What has it done for us?

Why, given us new energy for one of the hardest terms of the year; but all

work and no play makes Jack a dull boy; and as we all have an exuberant supply of pent up feelings to work off, baseball is the most handy game.

Quite a few exciting games have taken place. One can yell to her heart's content in that and no one will think her hoydenish.

Jim has been persuaded that he really could spare a few minutes of his pre-



cious time to mark the tennis court, and so the court has been courted a lot in spite of all Madame Rain's endeavors to dim the lines.

On account of the heat, basket ball has had to—as they say—take a back seat; but just before Easter a very exciting game was played between Havergal, Toronto, and our girls. We were rather surprised to see them bring down a team of nine, as we only play six on a side.

They had never played six, and we never nine, so we decided to compromise and play nine the first half and six the second. We managed to keep even the first half, and in the second half we won by one point. The score closed 22-21 for O.L.C.

We are looking forward to the return match, will be played on Saturday, May 8th. Here's wishing luck to our girls.

On April 23rd, a swimming competition was held, consisting of the following:

1. Egg and spoon race.
2. Writing competition.
3. Whistling and biscuit race.
4. Disc throwing.
5. Cork race.

3, 2, 1 marks according to winners 1st, 2nd, 3rd.

The following girls competed: Misses E. Grant, V. Day, G. Hull, E. Scrimes, M. Cook, E. Cook, M. Bain, M. Ferrah, D. Barrett.

Misses Scrimes and Barrett were even, each having a total of 8 points, and so were each awarded an athletic pin.



## Fireside Notes

Ella Wilson spent her holidays reviewing the attractions of Toronto and Niagara.

Myrtle Fawcett and Carrie Howard were the guests of their room-mate, Osborne Mullette, of Brampton, for the week-end of April 30th.

Evelyn White spent the week-end of April 24th in Toronto. Evelyn likes Toronto—that is evident.

Although chicken-pox is not the nicest thing in the world, Winnifred Symington spent an enjoyable week in the infirmary with her nurse, Miss Vernon, of Manchester. The O.L.C. has had Miss Vernon as a guest before, and there were times when the girls would have braved even the chicken-pox to have had a chat with her. Mrs. Symington

took Winnifred home with her on April 27th, but we hope to have her back soon and as good as new.

Gladys Morris spent her holidays with Rita Brown, of Brockville.

Hazel Bone was obliged to begin her Easter holidays a little early, as it was very evident that she had succumbed to the mumps.

Marjorie Garlock, Marguerite Hornuth, Annie Tuttle and Edna Wakefield spent the week-end of May 1st in Toronto, in order to "perform" at a recital given by Mr. A. Blight in Forester's Hall there on that date.

Myrtle Patrick was the guest of Florence Graham, of Brampton, during the Easter holidays.



Edith Reedy spent a very lengthy holiday in Atlantic City, but has come back to the excitement of school life very resignedly.

We congratulate Squibbie on winning out at her exam. at the Y.M.C.A., Toronto, on April 24th.

Judith Somers-Cox is lucky in having a mother who turns up at the right time, to spirit her room-mate and herself to the tea-room, etc.

Dorothy Whittaker was the guest of Mary Score, of Toronto, on April 24th, which was the latter's 18th birthday—wasn't it, Leila?

Evelyn Cook spent the week-end with

Helen Clark in the latter's residence—32 Upper Frances. They had some difficulty in moving Twin's trunk, but once settled, enjoyed Miss Porte immensely.

Last Sunday night there was a very violent thunderstorm; so violent that the lights of the College were out. If you happened to be walking, or rather stumbling, down a dark hall, you might meet some person with a half a candle. If not, you took a chance on falling down stairs and rambled on. If so, you immediately murdered the person, secured the light, and went on in safety. Now, the question one might ask is this, was it safer to carry a light or to be without one?



The Associated Chapters are requested to appoint a press correspondent, and through her to send copy of interest to all T.D.'s to Mrs. E. Edmund Starr for "Vox Collegii" by the 5th of each month.

The Faculty and students of Ontario Ladies' College were the hostesses at a banquet on Friday evening, March 19th, and with their usual graceful success. Trafalgar Daughters were given a place in the entertaining of the guests—which strengthens the tie that binds our hearts to our Alma Mater. The reception was held in the newly-decorated drawing-rooms, the decoration so suitably chosen by Dr. Hare and his advisors.

The splendid hardwood floors, the gift of Toronto Chapter, and the general appearance of the rooms, so beautifully

lighted, added a charm to the evening, as guests and pupils gathered together.

In the dining-room, the careful preparation to make the banquet dainty, unique and tempting, was everywhere visible—The table arrangement, the decorations of white and gold, the dainty menu cards.

Following the banquet came an unusual toast list, which was responded to by Trafalgar Daughters. The following report will give those not fortunate enough to be present an opportunity to know that the T.D.'s are making good in the broader life beyond College halls.

A letter of regret was received from Mrs. O'Sullivan, whom all missed.

The guests included the Rev. Dr. J. W. Graham, Mr. Irwin Hilliard, K.C.,



M.P.P., Hon. Pres. (of College Board) and Mrs. R. C. Hamilton, President and Mrs. R. J. Score, Vice-President Wm. Ross, of Toronto; Mrs. Courtice, Lady Principal Balmy Beach School; Mesdames Johnston, Wilkins, Keith, Boomer, Lydiatt, Tomlinson, Gallanough, McCutcheon, Harcourt—all of Toronto Chapter of T.D.'s, besides the speakers of the evening. Local Directors were represented by Mr. and Mrs. John Rice, Mr. and Mrs. E. Edmund Starr, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hatch, Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Whitfield, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Ross. We were also favored with the company of Inspector and Mrs. R. A. Hutchinson, Dr. and Mrs. John Waugh, Principal and Mrs. J. J. Bell, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Atkinson, the Rev. and Mrs. M. E. Sexsmith, Rev. A. P. Menzies, the Rev. and Mrs. G. A. McLean, Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Goodfellow, Mr. and Miss Annes.

Mrs. G. A. Ross, secretary Whitby Chapter, was toast mistress. Her welcome to the guests was most cordial, and as she introduced the speakers we noticed our Principal's interest deepen as he listened to her introduction. We are sure that all felt the pleasure and honor of having with us Miss Addison, B.A., Dean of Annesley Hall, and her response to the toast of "Woman in Literature," as follows, was inspiring, bringing us again in touch with our past lady principal, and our comrade, Miss Coleman.

Miss Addison, responding to the toast, "Woman in Literature," touched lightly on representative women in epic and lyric poetry and in the novel, then gave a message from Miss Coleman (whose place she took in responding to the toast) to the students of the College, urging them, if they had aspirations to write, not to be discouraged, but above all, to get a thorough education. Robert Louis Stevenson had taken great pains in studying the art of writing, and had thus laid a foundation for his charming, spontaneous, vivid style. "That is the way to learn to write," he said. It was so Keats learned, and there never was a finer temperament for literature than Keats.

The speaker read "Reflective" and "Recall," poems written by Miss Adams, the late revered, beloved and deeply honored Lady Principal of the College, and "To a Bluebell," by Miss Coleman, one of the most distinguished alumnae of the College.

#### "WOMAN IN SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH."

BY MISS WALL, M. SC.

I believe it was the present Kaiser who stated that woman's sphere should not extend beyond the three K's—the Kaiser, the Kirch, the Kinder. There are so many proverbs about women—every language is full of them; proverbs about their power for good and evil on the one hand, and their limitations on the other; their constancy and their fickleness, their unselfish devotion and their bitterness and jealousy; their self-sacrifice and heroism and their pettiness, and yet the eternal feminine remains a mystery to us all, and to no one perhaps is she a greater mystery than to herself.

Given a certain set of conditions, one can often safely guess what attitude a man will take, but one can never be certain what attitude a woman will take; perhaps, like "Sentimental Tommy," of J. M. Barrie fame, she has "so many minds to make up," and she cannot tell which one will be uppermost. To many, the charm of a woman is her infinite variety; the unknown is always the most interesting, and I believe it is this mystic element—this sixth sense—that is a true woman's most valuable asset. Her intuition often safely guides her through most intricate problems and most difficult situations.

Every woman is a born diplomatist. This brings us to our greatest danger as a sex. Is not this the danger of wrong perspective? of magnifying details, and in so doing losing the larger visions of life; of forming false conclusions, of descending to pettiness in speech and thought; of using trickery and deception to gain our ends. Our glorious virtues are overshadowed by these faults—I speak advisedly, and as one who has worked many years side by side with men and women in the laboratories—



and I say that the best corrective for these faults is a scientific training.

The mind, without such in one form or another, is like a garden growing wild; and training and pruning alone can bring it to full perfection. A scientific training, even in its most elementary form, necessitates accuracy of observation, clearness of thought, and above all, sincerity in thought. A dishonest scientist is a contradiction of terms—for how can one search for truth with an insincere mind? In my work amongst girls and women of all ages and at different stages of the work, from tiny tots of five or six to women taking final degree work, I have noticed particularly how the habit of thought changes in the course of the training. For instance: at first if a student knows what the result ought to be, she quickly obtains it through inaccuracy and by a method known as “cooking the result,” or working from the answer backwards, and the first thing one fights against is this—the idea that the result of the experiment is the chief thing; if it appears right, the rest does not matter.

Is not this the greatest evil to-day among men and women—that of superficial thought and action; the desire to appear, regardless of true worth? and this is closely allied to insincerity. Until this habit of thought is crushed one cannot hope for any lasting results in the mental sphere. It can never produce a scientist. So I would urge with all the intensity of which I am capable, give our girls a year or two at least of training in some science, preferably botany or zoology. When we consider what women have done for science, the list of names is certainly relatively small, and this, I believe, is partly due to the very faults I have stated. We think of Mary Somerville (from whom Somerville College, Oxford, is named), one of the most noted astronomers and mathematicians—whose work was highly praised by Sir John Herschell—who was considered one of the most accomplished and beautiful ladies in Scotland. All who knew her spoke of her

rare and delicate beauty. At the age of eighty-nine she wrote the treatise on Molecular Science.

We think of Catherine Herschell, who is considered by many to certainly equal her brother, Sir John Herschell, in her work on astronomy.

Of Madame Curie, that heroic girl, who, under great privation and poverty, worked at the Sorbonne in Paris, alone discovered radium, which has advanced science beyond our wildest hopes, and whom no nation can honor too highly for her scientific work.

It is in the name of such women in the forefront of scientists, and to all those who have striven to advance the cause of truth, as against ignorance and error, and in so doing have striven to develop the noblest and most perfect type of womanhood, that I thank you for this toast.

Mrs. G. D. Atkinson, President Toronto Chapter, represented “Woman in Music.”

Woman in music in the creative field plays little or no part, for with the exception of Dr. Ethel Smythe, who has achieved distinction in the larger forms of writing throughout Europe, she has accomplished nothing. In the smaller forms, however, such as songs, piano pieces, and music for stringed instruments, there are many who write acceptably and tunefully, but I think of only two who are outstanding, Cecile Chaminade, of France, and Mrs. H. H. Beach, of the United States. I am happy to tell you that Canada gives promise of coming into this field in the person of Gena Branscombe, whose work is being watched by musicians with much interest, and great things are predicted for her.

In the Interpretative side, however, woman comes into her own, and stands side by side with man at his best. One needs only to mention such names as Gerhardt, Sembrich, Gadsby, Geraldine Farrer, or such women as Clara Schumann, whose devotion to and insistence upon playing her husband's works brings much of his popularity. Even the great Wagner owes much to his wife,



Cosmina. Why, then, when woman is so great in the interpretative field is she so ineffective in the creative? A. E. Benson says: "it is because she lacks inherent, fundamental egotism which, when combined with his power of selfish absorption and concentration enables man to absolutely focus his energies," and that woman has such a wide and varied sympathetic emotionalism, so unselfish and protective in its character as to render her success in the field more or less precarious. Benson evidently realized that woman considers it a privilege to take care of man. Even from his earliest moment she loves him, cares for him, lifts his mind to high thought of noble deeds, and in later life inspires him to accomplishment; for behind every great effort of man, whether in the Creative or the Interpretative, stands some woman. Almost without exception is this the case. So that whatever laurel he wins, or however far he goes in accomplishment, woman is there before him, for she mothers the genius.

Mrs. Riches, responding to the toast of "Woman in Art," paid tribute to Miss Florence McGillivray, one of our charter members. While she was speaking we were reminded of Mrs. Elliott's (nee Emily Orr) design of O.L.C. staircase and window, which decorated the program of her college year.

Mrs. Hales, who is ever a delightful visitor, was listened to with interest as she responded to the toast "Woman in Oratory," as follows:

Many women may be called good speakers, or entertaining speakers, or persuasive speakers; but there are few to whom the term orator would be applicable.

David Hume says: "In ancient times no work of genius was thought to require so great parts and capacity as speaking in public." He also says: "Greece and Rome produced each of them but one orator—Demosthenes in Greece, and Cicero in Rome." If there are few men or women who may be called orators, there are many entitled to the term eloquent speakers. Eloquence was briefly defined as the "art of per-

suasion," and in order to persuade, the essential requisites seem to be good sense, solid argument, uprightness of character, and grace of style and utterance. Miss Frances E. Willard was mentioned as a graceful, persuasive speaker. Also Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, and others. Lucretia Mott has been called a great woman preacher, and of her it was said, "For two hours she held the multitude spellbound, waiting on her words." When women appear on the public platform it is, as a rule, to advocate some reform which they believe will be in the interest of humanity, and it is the warmth which arises from their seriousness and earnestness that gives them their power to persuade.

Who can estimate the power and influence of the orator? One writer says: "To estimate the degree in which the orator has influenced the world's history would be a difficult task; it would be hardly too much to say that since the dawn of civilization the triumphs of the tongue have rivalled, if not surpassed, those of the sword."

Every one, illiterate or educated, is charmed by the music of eloquent speech.

Speaking on the subject of "Elocution," Mrs. Hales said she thought the best elocutionist was the one who expressed in the most forcible, pleasing and natural manner the thought of the author. She emphasized especially the word *natural*.

We have in books the best thoughts of the best writers of all ages, and if the study of elocution will help us to present those thoughts to others in a pleasing and telling manner, then the study of elocution is well worth while.

Trafalgar Daughters and students were most eager to hear the toast "Woman in Politics," and the guests of the evening were equally interested. We pass on Miss Taylor's toast to Vox readers, as we know they will share the pleasure of "Woman in Politics," so ably given by our Lady Principal and President of Whitby Chapter.



## WOMAN IN POLITICS.

Ladies and gentlemen,—I was really surprised that Dr. Hare allowed this as one of the toasts of the evening, but I am glad that he did, and especially glad that it is the toast to which I have to respond. That we honor woman in politics in this College is a sign that we are in sympathy with the wider aspirations of our sex, aspirations produced by the last century's higher education of woman, which makes her realize that her whole duties are not confined to the four walls of her house, nor to her own immediate family. One of the chief foundations of our English Liberty is Representative Government. It finds its first written expression in Magna Charta. "No taxation without representation," or as it is later expressed in a statute of Edw. I, "That which concerns all should be approved of by all."

The principle was fought for under Tudors and Stuarts until it became an unquestioned right of the British man. But what of the British woman? Should not she have some voice in the making of laws which she must obey, or voting the taxes which she must pay? It is woman's sure confidence that she has which is bringing her out into the political arena.

The suffrage question was the logical outcome of the throwing open of the Universities to woman; naturally she began to enter into different spheres of labor, and to compete with man on his own ground—and it is *woman out in the world* who has felt the need of the protection of the vote. Her labor from the first has been underpaid; practically in no avenues of labor does she get the same wages as man for doing the same work. Among happily married women, who often tend to get selfish amid the comforts of their home, the desire for the vote has grown slowly, and therefore it seems so unfair for statesmen to tell us that we must convert all women to ask for the vote before they will give it to us. Did all men know they wanted to vote before they got it? Still woman's demand is becoming universal,

and she has gone far. In England she has the municipal franchise, the right to sit on Town, County and Parish Councils; she may even be a Mayor; she is largely represented on all education committees, and is asked to serve on Commissions. Still she asks for the fuller right of the Parliamentary Franchise. She claims that her chief object is not notoriety, but a desire to make the world a purer, better, place for her children to live in. In social work she has striven hard for years, but she finds her reforms checked by the lack of voting power behind them. She can point to the fact that where woman has the vote in several of the States, in New Zealand, in Australia, that vote has been given with few exceptions, on the side of temperance and moral and social reform.

## WOMAN IN THE HOME.

By MRS. E. EDMUND STARR.

The speaker touched on the preceding toasts as given, then said: "A son is a son until he marries a wife, but a daughter is a daughter all the days of her life." She is standing on the threshold, she has reached the open door (of opportunity). To meet again in College halls, to look into the faces of those associated with our College for so many years, and into the youthful faces of our successors who treasure now as we did then the pleasure and privileges of college halls, were indeed a pleasure, but in addition to this, we have listened to the voice of Literature, Music, Art, and enjoyed the pleasure dear to all hearts—the home touches.

Our genial Principal and his staff have been untiring in their efforts to make this a home evening, one long to be remembered.

The woman in the home is truly the home maker. Home—the parental home where the foundation of life's character is built.

The woman in the home does much of the building, whether strong or weak.

Strong and firm like granite or the sands of the sea shore, with what anxiety



she watches us go forth on our first school day. But we must be prepared to for life's duty, so knowing that character is higher than intellect, that a great soul will be strong to live as well as think, with a smile she cheers our going, then trusting to her foundation work that we may be loyal to home teaching, she awaits our progress.

College days come, and we find our College home, second only to the home of earlier days; and here in the midst of the crowd we try to keep with perfect sweetness, the treasures (of character) we have brought with us in the broader life.

The body ceases to grow in a few years, but the mind, if we will let it, may grow as long as life lasts. In our onward progress we learn of a new loyalty in addition to the loyalty to home. We form friendships (dear through the struggles of life's journey), the loyalty to friends, the value of friendship. The speaker touched on the happiness derived from wise choice of friends, the influence of school friends, the opportunities that come to us during school days, to aid in the progress of our College.

Each day is a little life filled with opportunities and possibilities, as step by step we travel the way to higher mental power, passing quickly when we are busy making the most of each.

So great has been the success of the "Woman in the Home" that the home element is sought for everywhere, and the "Woman on the Threshold" is invited to enter many open doors, that she may add to the wisdom and greatness of man, the graces and instincts of the woman.

The executive ability required in home making has been discovered, and the truly great men of the hour are inviting the co-operation in thought and execution of the gifts nature has bestowed on the "Woman in the Home."

Note how she has responded to the call of the Motherland in this time of war. Trafalgar Daughters have not hesitated in their duty of service and sacrifice. Has the home suffered because of her unselfishness? We think not. But our re-

presentatives have been made braver, stronger, truer because of the home element stowed into the kit bag, the ambulance, the trench.

It is the privilege of the "Woman in the Home" to make the home a haven of *rest* and *peace*. Much of man's energy and success as well as happiness depends upon the character of his home.

Home is the great object of life; it stands at the end of every day's labor.

The most illustrious statesman, the most eloquent orators, the greatest benefactors of the human race owe their greatness to the home influence, the influence of the "Woman in the Home." We need women to prepare to live in the peace time that is coming; women, who standing on the threshold of life's responsibilities are *equipped, prepared*; prepared to serve *God, Home, Country*, as faithfully as our grandmothers did in the pioneer days of our fair Canada. Daughters of O. L. C. need to be ready to embrace the opportunity which will knock at our college door, the opportunity of broader, greater, educational advantages. May our progress ever be both moral and intellectual.

The speaker appealed to the younger sisters in our College to make good, to consider no task too small to receive careful attention. You are building better than you know. The world expects your best; built on the character foundation (built by mother). On it, year by year, under the guidance of the great architect, you build. When you step from College halls you carry with you equipment for the larger life. You will step from the threshold into action. What you remember is yours. You have mastered it and can use it at will.

Into the companionship of everyday life and into the hands of the "Woman in the Home" is given much of the moulding of the home life. On behalf of T. D.'s I urge you to keep in touch with our home college. Keep in touch with the women who are carrying the home spirit into the broader life. As long as we have before us an example of "Woman in the Home" such as our late beloved Queen Victoria, whose home life

was ideal, and afforded the best object lesson ever given as to the possibility of a woman combining public and political work with the duties of a wife and mother. We need not fear that we will venture too far into life's duties outside the home, for "In foremost rank, as a woman in the home, we will ever find, writ large in lines of light, VICTORIA."

## WOMAN IN ART.

BY MRS. RICHES.

Madam Toast-Mistress, Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen,—An Art education is necessary for those who wish to take Art up as a profession, and they will find it a very difficult road, unless possessed of originality and talent. What is the language of Art? and what is the object of any language, unless it be to express an idea? The most perfect beauty lies not in the external surroundings, but in the conception of the Artist, the expression of her idea and emotion.

Madam Le Brun, as I speak of her, is the most famous woman artist, because she is so wholly a woman. Women inspired her; women were her models; her pictures were of women. At the age of twenty-four she painted the first picture of Marie Antoinette, as a girl with the roses. Later she painted Marie Antoinette, first with two children and later with her three children. These are now hanging in Versailles. She also painted several pictures of herself, posing before a mirror. But her masterpiece was the "French Actress," the dancing girl. With a few strokes of her brush she painted life and action into it, so when you look upon the picture you never see the paint, line or the texture. The bright, animated girl absorbs everything. These pictures are now hanging in the Louvre.

Rosa Bonheur is second to none in her pictures of animals. "The Country Fair," with the fiery restless horses, and the "Cow and Calf" have made her famous.

Laura Herford was the first woman

admitted to the Royal Academy at London, in 1860. In 1884 they had 1200 members, twenty-one being British subjects. Only five or six of these had any legitimate right to the distinction.

I would like to speak upon the honors conferred upon one of your own town, Miss Florence McGillivray, who had her pictures accepted which are hanging in one of the salons in Paris. It was no easy matter for Miss McGillivray to attain this honor. She was born and brought up in Whitby; was also a pupil and teacher of this, the Ontario Ladies' College. There were no opportunities for her in her own town to see masterpieces, either in pictures or statuary. She was not surrounded by an atmosphere of Art; her only opportunities being an occasional visit away from home, where she could look upon, not study these pictures; so I feel sure that the Town of Whitby and the College, should be and are very proud of what Miss McGillivray has achieved.

Then there is the Applied Art, which opens so many opportunities in the commercial drawings for women. Take Elizabeth Green and Jessie Wilcox Smith, well-known for their beautiful decorations of children. Violet Oakley has made a name for herself as a decorator of stained glass, and has just completed a commission in the Pennsylvania Capitol at Harrisburg.

Marie De Vul is the only humorous woman artist that we know of. She draws the caricatures of "Judy." Miss Bowers draws the hunting scenes in "Punch."

Helen Brydden is credited with earning \$65,000 a year by her artistic book-covers.

Then there is Rosa O'Neil, who has made a million dollars by her saucy Kewpie kids.

All these have the mark of original thinking as well as good sound drawing to back them up.

Then there is the Ceramic Art. The late Queen Victoria prized her collection of Coalport China, among her treasures. It was the lavish expenditure of Madame du Barry that made the Coalport Roses



famous. For her, they created color and paint for these roses.

Emily Edwards paints the flowers, and Florence Barlow the birds on the beautiful Dolton China.

Many of the Crown heads and members of the Royal Families are having their portraits on china, in preference to oil paints, because it never fades. Barring an accident, it is as good in a thousand years as it is to-day.

## WOMAN IN SOCIAL SERVICE.

BY MRS. WILKINS.

To me has been given the pleasure of speaking on Social Service, for in that and of that, has the work of *Personal Service* grown, in which I am so intensely interested, and with which I am so closely connected.

Social Service is by no means a new work, but began with Christ, whose life in its entirety was devoted to this cause, thus making it the noblest of all work. The thought arises, as Christ was a man, and the only perfect being, why is it that it is woman who has made such progress, and stands first in social work in all its phases? Woman is idealistic, more temperamental and much more imaginative than man. Thoughtfulness, tact and diplomacy are handmaidens of woman, and these attributes are so essential in this work.

One salient point must be emphasized: be always careful to put yourself in the place of the one less fortunate than yourself, when dealing with those with whom this work brings you in contact. They are of the same flesh and blood as ourselves; have the same emotions, same quality of loving, same heartaches and self-respect. Then how guarded we must be not to trample on these God-given qualities.

Some twenty or twenty-five years ago Jane Adams, who is now head of Hull House, Chicago, began settlement work around the stock yards there, and the results attendant upon her efforts were truly wonderful. Our settlement houses in Toronto are proving all that had been hoped for, and of course one of your

former teachers, Miss Marion Findlay, is a most earnest and successful worker in Evangelia House.

Some twelve years ago, Miss Matilda Johnston, after working for some time under Miss Adams, began her work in Cleveland. She organized the Visiting Nurses, which is to-day doing such a great work in our fair Dominion and neighboring Republic.

Miss McKenzie is head in the whole Dominion of the Victorian Order of Nurses, another phase of social service work so helpful to those physically and financially ill. For instance, in my own work, I have had illness in nine or ten of my fifty-three families, and each case seemingly an utter impossibility to pay for a nurse, and on application to Miss Loucke, the Toronto Superintendent of the Victorian Order, she has sent good nurses, who have given loving and thoughtful care without one word of payment. What a veritable blessing?

But to a Canadian born, Mrs. Struthers, formerly Miss Rogers, belongs the honor of organizing the School Nurses, who are doing such a comprehensive work all over this Continent.

In 1902 Mrs. Struthers, then Miss Rogers, was very prominent in settlement work in New York, and at that time organized the School Nurses there, and was the first municipal nurse in the world, being appointed by the Board of Health of New York City to that position. In 1910 she came to Toronto, and did the same work all over again; and here the organization is under the Board of Education.

One of Mrs. Struthers' chief charms is her readiness to deal with the individual case, to advise, to comfort, and to cheer, and the earnest social service worker has much to discourage and depress her.

It may not be generally known by those to whom I am speaking to-night, that I have nine O. L. C. girls working with me in my Personal Service Work, and one O. L. C. girl in Dunnville has interested 18 or 20 ladies in her home town in this cause, and they are caring for and helping, under my weekly supervision, a family in Toronto, consist-

ing of a father, mother and eight children. Then, too, right here in the College of Arts and Sciences are some of the needy kiddies.

Our Club is supplying milk daily for nineteen families, and we have over 147 children on our list.

Now, while our Personal Service Club is not affiliated with any particular church or organized charity, we work closely in co-operation with all Relief Organizations, both church and civic, and we are filling a place which no other organization has done, that is administering the personal touch, and establishing ourselves as real friends of the family.

Our chief aim is constructive work in the home, being careful to avoid pauperization of the family by heaping indiscriminate charity upon them.

One word to this year's outgoing students— The field of work is large, and workers are needed.

Before the singing of the National Anthem, the worthy Principal, Dr. J. J. Hare, rose, and voiced the pleasure and pride the evening had for him, and his appreciation of the deep interest the Trafalgar Daughters continue to take in the progress of O. L. C. The Rev. Dr. Graham was his able supporter.

Dr. Waugh was called upon to speak, but declined with thanks, courteously leaving the laurels with those who had spoken.

#### TRAFALGAR DAUGHTERS IN PATRIOTIC SERVICE.

Hamilton Chapter's worthy Secretary reports Hamilton Chapter of Trafalgar Daughters held a flag day on March 17th. Small St. Patrick flags were sold (just among our friends) netting nearly \$90. With this 30 dozen (360 pairs) of socks were bought and sent to the Red Cross Society, as soldier's comforts for the 1st Contingent now serving at the front in France.

Well done, Hamilton. (Ed.)

#### TORONTO CHAPTER.

The annual luncheon of the Trafalgar

Daughters was held April 20th, at the King Edward, and was a delightful function. Among the 105 members and guests were the following: Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Hamilton, the Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Graham, Mrs. Arthur Blight (Lilian Whyte), Miss Addison, dean of Annesley Hall; Miss Coleman, Mrs. O'Sullivan (Emma Higgins), Mrs. G. D. Atkinson (Dora MacMurtry), Mrs. Edward G. Graham (Tilly Bricker), Mrs. James Hales (Marion Scoley), Miss Webster (Montreal), Mrs. A. R. Riches (Ethel Mutton), Mrs. T. G. Whitfield (Emma Hatch), Mrs. J. Norman Smith (M. I. Jones), Montreal; Mrs. W. W. Sloan, (Edith Young), Mrs. J. W. Foy (L. Ash), Mrs. E. B. Lanceley (Alice Cole), Mrs. H. E. Harcourt (Olive Proctor), Mrs. Harry Scott, Mrs. Norman Brown, Mrs. Geo. L. Fair (Maggie Walker), Mrs. R. T. Shillington (Hattie Score), Miss Teetzel (Alma Daughter), Mrs. A. E. Boreham, Mrs. T. T. Black (May Graham), Mrs. W. O. Forsyth (Sarah S. McGee), Mrs. J. Tomlinson (Minnie Mutton), Roselind Smith, Mrs. E. Edmund Starr (Ida Powell), Mrs. E. W. Smith (Florence German), Mrs. T. Wright (Clara Smith), Mrs. J. E. Potts (Maggie Score), Mrs. R. G. Trobb (Anna Darley), Mrs. Lydiatt, Mrs. A. Burkart (R. Robinson), Mrs. Harold E. Robins (Nell. Clint), Miss E. Grace Dalton, Mrs. Ernest W. Walker (Mabel Crowe), Miss Vio. Graham (Ottawa), Mrs. Fred W. Lee (Alice Hamilton), Miss Nora M. Tucker, Mrs. Fred J. Gallanough (Effie B. Wilson), Miss Dorothy Rowland, Miss Eunice Mooney, Miss Winifred Lanceley, Mrs. Aikenhead (Lydia Armstrong), Mrs. G. A. Keith (Lydia Aikenhead), Mrs. W. Powell (Minnie Houck), Misses Nellie Jeffries and Ruby Aikenhead, Mrs. W. J. Grant (Ella Walker), Mrs. Chas. C. McDonald (Zella Dexter), of Hamilton; Miss Jean Steedman, (Hamilton), Mrs. Armstrong (Laura Berry), Mrs. M. H. Stevens (Millie Herriman), Misses Hazel Carey, M. Thompson, Jessie V. Taylor and Irene Vokes.

The menu was enjoyed in the tea-room, followed by a charming program



in the drawing-room. Mrs. G. D. Atkinson presided in the chair. The table bouquet of delicate pink *Antirrhinum* was tied with streamers of light and dark blue ribbon. A piano solo by Miss Oberholtzer opened the after luncheon entertainment. Mrs. Riches followed in an original humorous poem dedicated to Dr. Hare, recalling her days at O. L. C. and those associated with her at College. The local "hits" evoked much laughter, and were thoroughly enjoyed by all. Mrs. Graham, greeting Alma Mater, suggested an extra war tax on speakers exceeding five minute after dinner speeches, and declared she had no intention of being so taxed. She suggested loyalty to the Association by prompt payment of the annual dollar fee, and loyalty to our College by sending our daughters. She assured her comrades that to live again through College days was a real pleasure—when enjoyed through one's daughter as the medium—and urged all to be faithful in attendance at local chapter meetings, thus honoring the Alma Mater.

Dr. Hare was to have replied to this greeting. Many and sincere were the regrets expressed because of his absence (owing to indisposition). Miss Addison responded to the greeting, and gracefully represented Dr. Hare.

She spoke of the College just as Dr. Hare would have done. With the quiet wit, so characteristic of her father, she said: "I think I have said to you what Dr. Hare might have said"; then followed a few tender words representing Miss Coleman, after which came a strong plea for character building. "For some reason," said Miss Addison, "it is not considered good form to speak on character in this country, though it is in England. Nevertheless it is true that a good foundation of this is wanted on which to spread the surface of culture."

We need character in education. The time has come when we need more culture (a good big loaf). Character is the one thing, through and through with not less culture.

The speaker referred to Miss Adams as the greatest woman she had ever

known, and attributed much of her own success to the careful teaching of our late beloved Lady Principal. Two requirements are necessary in education of woman—first to be absolutely well, and where but at O. L. C. may we gather quiet rest, open field fresh air, the best in the land for physical upbuilding; then character building of the nation builders of the world.

Miss Addison's happy, helpful address was all too brief, and we were sorry Dr. Hare was not present to hear how well he was represented.

Miss Jessie Taylor represented Sister Societies, and was a welcome speaker.

Miss Teetzel brought greetings from Alma Daughters. Alma is fortunate in having Miss Sisk, their founder, still at Alma.

The Association is in active service re women's pension work, and deeply interested and helpful in the affairs of their College having six women on the College Board of Directors.

Mrs. Whitfield won for herself and Whitby Chapter added honors in her happy greeting.

Miss Jean Steedman, a bright girl speaker, brought greetings from Hamilton Chapter, the baby branch of the Association.

Miss Steedman said this had been a very eventful year for us Trafalgar Daughters. Our meetings have been most enjoyable. Our speakers have inspired us with most helpful ideas. Invigorated by the mountain air we seem to be a stirring chapter. The speaker referred to the help given by Alma daughters in many ways.

Then referring to a recent visit to our home College she said, "It is so lovely there now that we were wondering if we had not better go back and be either pupils or teachers. It did not matter which as long as we were taken in." And so it is with great pleasure that I extend on behalf of our Chapter greetings.

Then came greetings from Mrs. O'Sullivan, President of the Governing Board. The chair introduced the speaker as "the boss of us all." The speaker's smile drove from the mind of the most fearful all

nervousness of being bossed, but rather the assurance that she was the good comrade of all.

Mr. Arthur Blight gave a group of delightful vocal numbers, accompanied by Mrs. Blight. Then came an address by the Rev. J. W. Graham.

Dr. Graham congratulated the Toronto T. D.'s, and especially the President, on the success of the function, and conveyed Dr. Hare's regrets, endorsed compliments to O. L. C. of Miss Addison and other speakers who had referred to the broad acres and swimming pool, and to the College spirit—the atmosphere of those who have lived in College halls—the greatest asset of College life. The speaker said the College should recognize its alumnae on the governing board. Woman has a large function to perform and sphere to fill—nothing too good for a woman. I believe, said Dr. Graham, in higher education of woman—the education of home-making, the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world. Household Science for the Queen of the greatest of all kingdoms of the world, “the home,” therefore more culture, that the home-maker may be the all-around woman, capable of putting “witchery into a ribbon and genius into a stew,” while loyal to Alma Mater.

Miss Ada Fellowes' songs were beautifully sung; her true soprano appealed to her listeners.

A resume of the year's work followed. Then came a report of the Reception Committee.

Hostesses at social meetings since October: Mesdames Atkinson, Gallanough, Johnston (D.E.), Starr (M.T.G.), Brown Hales, Hossack, Perfect, Riches, Tomlinson, Webster, Potts, Lee, Powell, Wright, and Misses Taylor, Ross, Ruddy, Dalton, Hamilton and Hossack.

The Secretary reported six monthly meetings. Speakers at same included Mrs. Hamilton, Miss Mono Cleaver (on streets of Paris), Mrs. Graham, Miss Addison and Dr. Hare. The smallest attendance at any meeting, 30. The Treasurer has a balance on the right side of \$22.03. The outlay during the year has been generous to patriotic work, in-

cluding \$10 to the No. 4 Base Hospital, known as Toronto University Hospital, fees to governing board and gifts to charity work. The able President, who received many compliments for the success of the Association under her capable management, shared the honor with her predecessor, Mrs. Hales, ex-President, who laid the foundation, and the loyal support of all the members in their co-operation in all the work undertaken, and the support so cheerfully given which had made the work of the year possible.

The executive were re-elected as follows: Miss Coleman, Hon. President; Mrs. O'Sullivan, Hon. Vice-Pres.; Mrs. Atkinson, President; Mrs. Foy, 1st Vice-Pres.; Mrs. Graham, 2nd Vice-Pres.; Mrs. Dalton, Cor. Secretary; Mrs. Johnston, Treasurer; Mrs. W. A. Lydiatt, Press Representative.

Hamilton Chapter at work, — 22 paid members since October. Social service work—care of two families. Flag Day returns, \$82.50; expended in 30 dozen pair of socks for soldiers at the front.

Brampton T. D., Mrs. Graham, directed a carload of comforts to Earls court.

Again we are reminded of the uncertainty of life among the T. D.'s. Last June we welcomed our comrade, Mrs. Mader. She was her usual bright self, and so happy to again be in the home college. To-day we clip the following from the Newmarket Era: “Sudden demise of Mrs. Mader.”

“A representative gathering, most of the older families resident in our town, assembled sadly at the G. T. R. station on Monday afternoon last, and with bowed heads paid their last respects to the memory of a former townswoman — one who had lived in our midst a life of laudable ambition, activity, devotion, kind-heartedness and self-sacrifice that any wife and mother might, for the sake of an example to a rising family, be well satisfied to leave as a memory rich with blessing.

“Mrs. Marion Pearson Mader was the younger daughter of the late James J. Pearson, Esq., and as a girl was notably



an apt pupil at the Newmarket High School, and afterwards enjoyed a three years' course at the Ontario Ladies' College Whitby, from which she carried in her final year the Governor-General's medal in literature, and the College degree of M. E. L. The two-score fragrant floral tributes that enveloped her casket served to show that her ability and efforts for good had been recognized. These included expression from the "Woman's Guild," and other societies of her church, the Trafalgar Daughters, and from the York Chapter Daughters of the Empire, of whose Executive she was a member.

Trafalgar Daughters extend sympathy to the husband, three sons, three daughters, and sister of their beloved late comrade.

A very pretty wedding took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John McNeill,

"Sunny Brae" Cavan, on Wednesday, March 31st, when their second daughter, Sarah Kathleen, was married to Mr. Leonard Wesley Smith, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Smith, Millbrook. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Canon Allen in the presence of the immediate relatives of the bride and groom. Mrs. W. C. Allen played the wedding march. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a gown of white silk meteor over satin with bridal veil caught with orange blossoms, and she carried a bouquet of roses and lily of the valley. Little Miss Florence Larmer, niece of the groom, acted as flower girl, in a dainty lingerie frock with pink sash, and carried a basket of sweet peas.

The bride and groom left later amid showers of rice and confetti for a short trip, the bride traveling in a military serge suit with hat to match. They will be at home to their friends in May.



Kizzie.—Now, Marge, don't take offence.

Marge.— (absent-mindedly looking up from a book) — What do I want with a fence?

Mabe.— Say, Doc, we've been at "form" for an hour.

Doc.—Gee, you must have some figure.

Ask "Pin" what she's doing, and she will answer "Sticking around."

Verda (coming up after an unsuccessful attempt at diving for the iron)—You were in my way. I grabbed your foot.

Catherine (quite "het" up) — You didn't touch my foot.

Verda.— Well, I grabbed something big.

A little later, when explaining the incident, Verda remarked that perhaps it was the side of the tank she grabbed.

Bobbie.— I'll go and get some parsley.

Aileen.—You can't get parsley now.

Bobbie (who went in spite of Aileen's warning)—Here is some. There is lots in that other cellar.

Doc.—Why, where did you get it?

Bobbie (very innocently) —Why off the tops of the carrots, of course.

There is a rumor that, on Doc's return after the Easter holidays with all her pretty clothes, Helen, looking at

them very earnestly while Doc. was out of the room, exclaimed: "Oh, let me dress up in Doc's clothes!" We fear that if Helen dressed up in Doc's clothes it wouldn't be "Safety First."

There is no reason to complain about the seniors not taking an interest in the College, when Doc even "goes out on the rug and sweeps the fire escape."

Tommie Day.—Do you want a raisin?  
Chud.—No thanks; things are high enough now without you "raisin" them.

#### WARNING.

To the D. S. Seniors who haven't had their meals yet:

"Don't let Doctor Dougall in the kitchen while meals are being served in the dining room, as she cuts up with the cook and waitress, and doesn't let them wash their "deeshes."

#### NOTE OF SYMPATHY.

We all extend our sincerest sympathy to Squibbie since the tables have been changed.

(N.B.) Before we knew, we wondered why she came to meals so regularly.

Has Miss A. got(t) a good voice?  
Why yes, she can take M. Sharpe.

W.—I am crazy about her! I can't express it.

M.—Send it by post.

Miss C. (in physiology class)—Where is blue blood found?

Slats (brightly) That's found in royalty, isn't it?

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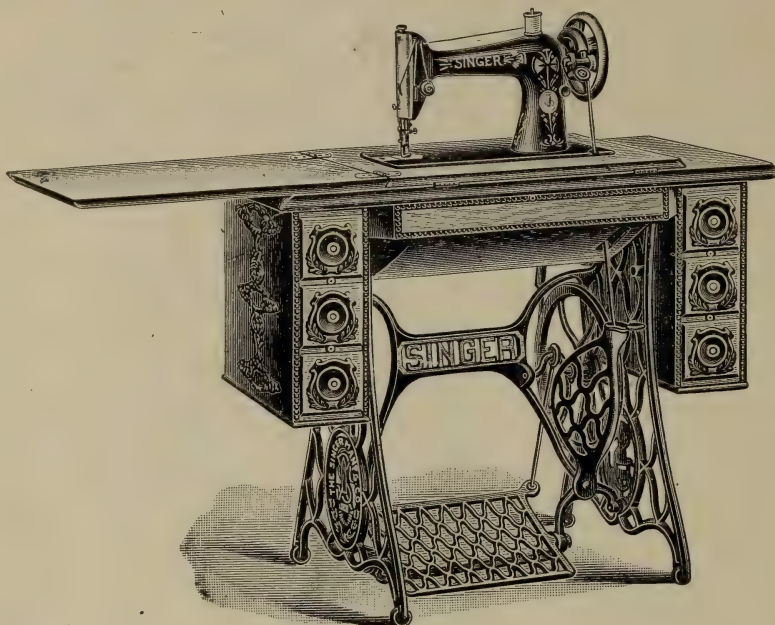


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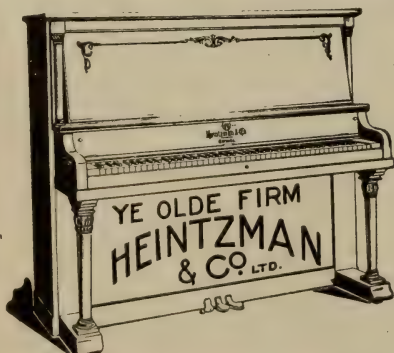
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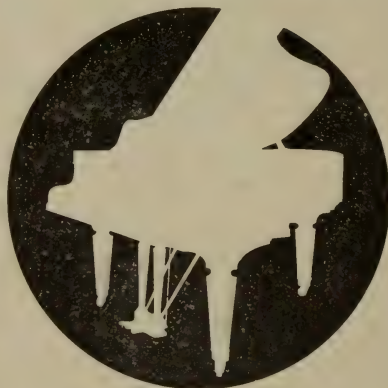
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